The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46.....NO. 16,034.

PUT HIGGINS TO SHAME.

A controversy over official etiquette is a poor excuse for District-Attorney Jerome to delay prosecuting the Equitable thieves. He is not limited to the testimony taken by Supt. Hendricks. The District-Attorney's powers have no such restrictions as those manifested in the Superintendent of Insurance's office.

If Mr. Jerome is desirous of reading the Hendricks testimony he could have found it several days ago in the columns of The World. There is enough there to secure the indictment of several Equitable officials.

Better yet, Mr. Jerome could take his own testimony. He can proceed in any Magistrate's court in New York or before a Grand Jury. A court has the advantage that the proceedings there could be public. Every witness would have to attend there and be sworn. Mr. Harriman and Mr. Ryan should also be called, and it would be valuable to call Supt. Hendricks and hear his testimony explaining his false certificate of Equitable assets.

A fraction of the energy displayed in prosecuting Mr. Hummel or the man accused of society blackmail or other offenders who are neither millionaires nor powerful politicians would at least procure the first steps toward starting some politicians and high financiers to Sing Sing.

If Gov. Higgins refuses full publicity let Mr. Jerome furnish it, and put Higgins and Hendricks to shame.

Mr. Jerome's official energy is too ephemeral and evanescent. He exhausts himself in pyrotechnics. Here is a great opportunity for him really to do something worth while. Will he take it?

RAILROAD PIES.

An engineer and fireman blocked traffic on the Santa Fe road with two railroad lunch-counter pies. The pies were not put on the track or in the locomotive fire-box, but caused the trouble through their transfer to the midsts of the engineer and the fireman.

Shortly after eating his pie the engineer lay down on the floor of the engine and writhed. The fireman stopped the engine and then lay down and writhed too. The Santa Fe road at this point is a one-track line. No one would take the responsibility of running the engine, and the train stood there for several hours, blocking all traffic on the road until an investigation showed the cause and a substitute pieless engineer was provided.

It has never been supposed by the public that railroad pies were eaten by railroad employees. The nature of the railroad pie is too well known. Its object is not to furnish sustenance, but to increase the demand for dyspepsia remedies.

It is another example of the retributive justice that the railroad itself should suffer for its share in this continued attack on the digestive apparatus of the travelling public.

Mr. Cleveland and Judge O'Brien have joined Mr. Westinghouse in certifying to Jacob H. Schiff's "honesty of purpose." Mr. Schiff says his conscience has awakened and that "I am endeavoring to lead a righteous life." Confession, contrition and retribution would be a better proof that Mr. Schiff's conscience is in good working order than a cord of certificates from Mr. Ryan's dummy trustees.

Wicked Nebraska railroads kidnapped Gov. Mickey so that he could not hear Lawson's speech. Is Lawson so fearful as that? Or maybe this is a press agent's story.

Seven-year-old Annie Eihorn, of No. 65 Sheriff street, lost her life trying to save her doll Henrietta from falling off the fire-escape.

These stories of modern Bluebeards sound like the tales of the old folklore books.

The stork has visited Marshall P. Wilder and left a baby girl.

The Tin Side of Women's Hearts.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.

OVER in Brooklyn a little matron with tear-dimmed eyes sits bewailing the sad inhumanity of woman to her kind. She is Mrs. Thaddeus Williams, jr., who, anxious to amass $500 to enable her attorneys to secure the annulment of her marriage, sought the sympathy and financial aid of her sex by advertising a clipping bee, at which only three curiosity seekers without funds showed up. Two thousand tickets at 25 cents each had been issued, but, alas! not sold, and the eternal indifference of the supposedly gentler sex to the woes of their own kind was once more exemplified.

Women, to be sure, sympathize with the woman who is down on one condition. She must stay down. The moment she attempts to rise from or to profit by her proneness the sex, as one woman, lights upon her chest.

Witness the sudden, complete withdrawal of feminine sympathy from the lately famous Miss Futterson. When Nan sat, a torpid mass of scarcely animate flesh that responded to Rand's fierce railing as an elephant might to a gentle pin prick, feminine New York grew hysterical over her wrongs. But when she emerged from the unbecoming shadow of death, and the lurid and rubescent glare which is her element showed its effects in her dress and bearing, our sympathy fell from her with the demure grays and blacks of her prison garments.

One woman who had shed tears during the trial over Nan's possibly impending doom, and saw her afterward in a giddy open-work shirt waist, mentioned the fact indignantly to me, as if the District-Attorney ought to order a new trial on the strength of it. And if I hadn't realized the absurdity I might have thrilled indignantly in return.

So long as a woman in distress wears the garb of woe and the aspect of penitence we recognize her as a sister, erring and deserving of sympathy, cast-off clothing and perhaps, as an occasional reminder of the joys she has forfeited, the stale quarter of a watermelon that has been in the ice-box for three days. But the barometer of our sympathy rises inversely as her spirits, and when she appears in a made-over reputation but brand-new French clothes we break the vials of our wrath upon them.

"Women should be tried by women," various reformers urge from time to time with the insistence of a patent-medicine ad.

But if they were, and an acquitted prisoner showed the least sign of exuberance within ten years after leaving the court-room the jury would want to try her over again.

Unless a woman in misfortune of any kind is willing to sit in the corner and snuff ashes for the rest of her life as the price of the sympathy of her own sex she had better not seek it. For she will perish in their inevitable reaction if she does.

Baseball as a Business

By H. S. Fullerton

OVER $2,677,000 is paid out in salaries to the professional baseball players of the United States each year. Over $2,500,000 is paid in other salaries and in expenses of maintaining the grounds of the professional clubs, about $800,000 in railroad fares, about $100,000 in sleeping car fares, about $125,000 in training expenses, and perhaps $500,000 in additional expenses.

And this is only counting the expenses of the organized baseball leagues of the United States, registered and recorded under the national agreement.

The total expense of operating baseball in the United States as an organized sport, therefore, is in the neighborhood of $7,000,000, according to the estimates of those best posted, which means that approximately 25,000,000 paid admissions must be received before the team owners can break even on their investments, not counting interest.

The fact remains that nearly one-half of the baseball club owners of the United States lose money every year, writes H. S. Fullerton in the Chicago Tribune.

As a business investment baseball ranks with wheat speculation—or even more risky than that—and few except the rich can afford to go into the game. A few men—like John T. Brush—who owns the New York club—or rather, holds it in his name for A. Freedman and others—and Col. John Rogers, of Philadelphia, have made money in baseball as an investment. Comiskey, too, by his shrewdness and foresight, has made a lot of money, and the owners of the Chicago National League club (all except Anson) have made money—but what has been made has been put into improvements of the plant. But even in those big organizations, like the National and American leagues, there are times when it is hard to make the league a money maker.

It is a queer business. In the league eight club owners form a partnership and practically agree to divide the profits of the year. That is, the visiting team gets nearly half the entire receipts, no matter where it plays, receiving 12½ cents out of each 25-cent admission, 25 cents out of each 50-cent, 75-cent and $1 admission. As nearly 90 per cent. of the total admissions are 50 cents or under, the visitors get nearly one-half, the home team having the advantage only on grand stand and box seat sales.

After forming this partnership the team owners go in for themselves. The first effort is to beat the other seven partners out of the best ball players and form a winning club. Each one of the eight struggles and fights to get the players and the winning team, and then these partners, dividing profits equally, try to beat each other out of every ball game. To lose games means to lose money, for the team whipped even twice in succession, feels the falling off at the box office.

There are in this country perhaps not more than twenty-five really first-class ball players, and of these perhaps seventeen are in the American league and eight in the National. This, of course, is exclusive of pitchers. The American League comes near averaging two really great ball players to the club, while the National runs about one to the club. This is the result of raids made by the American upon the National during the war between them. The National, losing its famous stars, was forced to go out and find new players to develop into wonders. In three years, perhaps, the National will have the stars and the American stars will be going back rapidly—and most of them gone.

A ball player like Lajoie, Wagner, or Keeler cannot be bought with money. In fact, whenever a really great ball player is sold—one good in every department of the game, batting, base running, fielding and throwing—there is back of that sale something, perhaps of a personal nature, which forces a club to sell him.

Said on the Side

MORE instances of little things with large consequences—"Pie ties up a railroad," first tying up the innards of the engineer and fireman on the Santa Fe who ate it. "Fish stop a train" on the Jersey Central by clogging a feed pipe in the boiler of the locomotive. "Corn cut with a razor may cause death." Well, in connection with the last case, for the boy on vacation to take care of small cuts and bruises and take no chance of blood poison.

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Court decision that millionaire must pay for his wife's furs seems a trifle unseasonable, at least.

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Riding academy employee weds widow with $4,000,000. Tendency of the groom to become a bridegroom will make the family coachman look to his laurels.

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Said that generosity breeds generosity. As Lawson put the roll of bills in the Salvation Army girl's tambourine he no doubt recalled the gold pieces in the Rockefeller pastor's potatoes.

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Growth of the commuting habit evidenced by crowded suburban trains on all railroads. Policeman who does a round trip of sixty miles daily between Far Rockaway and his post on Staten Island understands its advantages.

Dog makes personal application for a licence, paying the fee himself. Deceased pug in East Nineteenth street buried in a handsome plot at Hartsdale. Philadelphia doctor mourns the loss of a favorite dog, which had the distinction of wearing a gold crown on a front tooth. Canine pets continue to monopolize a large part of the day's news.

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More than 1,000 students registered for the summer course of study at Columbia, and large attendance at Harvard, Yale and at all universities maintaining summer schools. Old idea of making the long vacation a mere loafing spell has been greatly improved upon. Number of college students who seek definite occupation of some kind between commencement and the opening of the fall term grows larger every year.

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Speaking of colleges, remark of the Vassar professor that the college girl is "a normal being" will be indorsed. No fear nowadays that a higher education is going to spoil her for ordinary life or make her too good for human nature's daily food.

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Wisconsin's plan of employing Indian girls in house work will be watched with interest. Little Bright-Eyes in the kitchen of the paleface far from the tepee is an evolution of which Cooper never conceived.

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Warning to summer student waiters by Mayor James P. Baxter, of Portland, not to accept tips because they lead to graft. Never do to pay tuition fees with tainted money.

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Number of Smiths in Brooklyn shown by the new city directory to be 2,200. Smith family at least never comes in for remarks on race suicide.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.

Gotham's Silly Season.

HIS is nu yoark's silly seezen it is the time of yeer when peeple get foolish becauwse it is too hot to be annything else. eeven the man who used to talk abbowt the weather refranes frum introducing sutch a dissagreeable and blasfemmus toppick. nu yoarkers go to the beeches and rufe gardens in the silly seezen to get away from thare hoames and not to get anny speshly brilyent entertainment, and no one who sees moast of the rufe garden and beech shows can dowt that the mannidgement is on to that. hoame is a fine plaice but it is no plaice for fokes in the silly seezin for it is too cool and cumfortable and that is why nu yoarkers chaise arround the hot streats and hot cars to keap cool, but the wildest mannyfestayshun of the silly seezen is the vacayshun habit and the way nu yoarkers blow six munths' saivings for the privvilidge of going to a summer reezort when thay cood do thare perspyring just as well and much cheeper at hoame and cood saive the vacayshun munny to send to the heethen or to play the raices with and sidestep tifoid feever and mallayria and sunstroke. and then when september comes the silly seezen stops all of a sudden and nu yoarkers get sane again and say graitfully How good it is to get hoame once moar. hoame has been just the saime all the time, but one of the simtoms of the silly seezen is a loathing for hoame and evverything that is comfortable and sensibble. that is why I love the silly seezn. good oald silly seezen.

A. P. TERHUNE.

Chauncey M. Depew Still Holds That Optimism Always Wins.

A Vitascopic-Stenographic Interview with the Professor Emeritus of the Old Jokes' Home, United States Senator, Giver of Free Advice on Salary, Income Increaser and Chestnut Vendor, on How to Be Happy on a Large Income.

By Roy L. McCardell.

YOUR name? A. Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

Q. You received $20,000 a year from the Equitable. What services did you render for that money? A. I gave advice freely.

Q. Free? A. No, not free; freely.

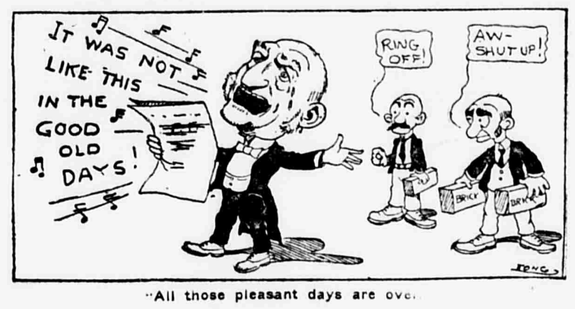
Q. You have resigned from the Equitable's Board of Directors. Why? A. Well, you see I am in my seventy-second year, and I want to rest up a bit. When I was a boy in Peekskill I would not have minded how many salaries I received, but as the Equitable intends to cut off the salary I have decided that it doesn't pay simply to be a director. I miss the old crowd, when we used to meet and crack a few jokes and raise each other's incomes.

Q. How about the loan of $250,000 to the Depew Land and Improvement Company? A. All we need to make that a paying proposition is to get a lot of people to put more money in it.

Q. Won't Mr. Ryan do that for you? A. Well, you see, the State Insurance Department says it's only worth $150,000, and except when it comes to paying money to himself Mr. Ryan is what you might call a tight wad.

Q. Have you anything to say about the disclosures regarding the waste of money while you were a director in the Equitable? A. Not a thing more than what I have always said, that "Optimism always wins."

Q. How so? A. Well, so long as we were one happy family at the Equitable, raising each other's salaries, buying stock from ourselves at our own prices, lending money to our business and social friends, look how happy we were! That was because we were optimistic. "It is a good thing," we said," let us push it along!" Then Hyde and Alexander fell out. I tried to soothe them. The State Insurance Department used to look at the books through concrete spectacles. There was no worry, no trouble. All was harmony and get rich real quick. Then, as I said, Hyde and Alexander fell out. That was pessimism. What was the result? All those pleasant days are over. Harriman and Hyde have quarrelled, I lose $20,000 a year, and Thomas F. Ryan has gobbled up the Equitable. Ryan will get everything. Paul Morton is cutting down salaries, the insurance business is at a standstill. That's what pessimism does for us!



"All those pleasant days are over."

Q. What would you recommend? A. The good old ways of the good old days. Optimism on all sides. The policy-holders thinking they would get something some day, all our happy little Equitable family getting something every day. Everybody friendly. Laughter from the Board of Directors' room as all salaries were raised and a pleasant report consisting of rows of fat figures given out to the policy-holders. And now see what pessimism is doing. Mr. Harriman saying "Wow! Wow!" young Mr. Hyde not giving any more dinners and balls, policy-holders raising a row, papers saying unpleasant things.

Q. Why do you not try to restore optimism? Why do you resign your $20,000-a-year retainer? A. Because they won't let me retain her. And——

Q. And what? A. And because I am seventy-two and have become pessimistic myself.

Q. How so? A. My dear boy, they forget how well I could attend everybody's business but my own. I put in that resignation as a fire-escape.

Society's Queer Pets.

A LONDON society woman has a small white beribboned pig sitting beside her when she rides out in her automobile. Another woman automobilist is rarely seen on her car without her pet penguin. Aristides, which she frequently takes with her into shops, the intelligent creature carrying her handbag in his bill. Another delights in horned toads as tonneau pets.

All for One Cent.

JAPAN is to some extent, at least, still an Eastern country influenced by Western thought. This statement is corroborated by its theatres, many of which are still conducted on strictly Oriental lines—that is to say, they are open from 9 in the morning till 7 or 8 in the evening, and the play is in progress all the time. The price of admission is as low as a cent and for this one has the option of staying all day.

Letters from the People.

Prayer for Wayward Son.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

"Broken-Hearted Mother" asks other mothers what she shall do with an incorrigible boy of sixteen. Broken-hearted mother, I feel for you as I too am a mother, but I must say that you are rather late in trying to get control of your son. If you do not have control before the age of sixteen, I am afraid he is a goner. But if you will spend some time alone in prayer perhaps you can begin over with your boy. Then when you have prayed earnestly let him pray with you and I am sure he will be impressed by your interest, which I am afraid has not always been intense. An example is all that counts with children. Try it. Mrs. I. G.

Elephant's Weight in Gold.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A. M. J. asks how an elephant could be weighed in a land where there are no scales and how the elephant's weight in gold can be determined. Have a bag made and fill with air; under the bag a large button connected to a tube with water. By having the elephant lie on his back on the bag the water in the tube will rise. Cause the elephant to be removed and substitute gold enough to make the water rise as far as when the elephant was on. H. A. D.

Slot-Machine Losses.

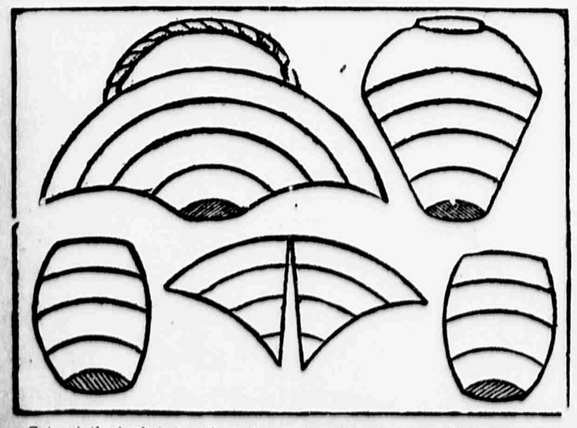
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wish to enter a protest against the loss of money of the patrons of the ferry, "L," and Subway by the gum-selling slot-machines. I have often noticed men, women and children lose the cent they dropped into these machines, and thought it very wrong that the public must stand for it.

I dropped a cent in a machine. The cent dropped out of sight. The machine did not work. I received no gum. At another station I dropped a cent in a machine, lost my cent and did not get any gum. Is there no way to put a stop to this? Must we New Yorkers be done by every one on every thing? J. K.

C. R.—Records of marriages, births and deaths are kept at the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

A Little Game of Patterns.



Cut out the basket, barrels, pail and fan and join them, after removing the handles. They will form a pretty disk, and if you wish you can give it various colors with crayon.

The Mystery of Union Square

By Ernest De Lancey Pierson

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

George Allanby, going for financial aid to the Union Square flat of Richard Selten, whose cousin and heir he is, finds the latter lying dead with a pistol beside him. Allanby pockets the pistol and finds some one has locked him into the flat. Through the help of Jim Dawkins, a thief, he escapes. Sam Pendrick, a famous detective, is put on the case.

Allanby's fiancee, Stella Featherstone, shows strange emotion at news of Richard's death and is pointed out to George by the janitor of the Union Square house as the woman who called on Selten the night of the murder.

Several clues point to Stella's connection with the murder of Selten.

A bit of silk which had adhered to one of the murdered man's coat buttons is found by Pendrick to be a part of one of Stella's dresses.

Hearing that Allanby is suspected of the murder, Stella confesses to George that she shot Selten.

She adds that certain letters gave Selten a hold over her sister. Stella went to his rooms to get these letters. He insulted her and she shot him.

Allanby goes at once to Pendrick, whom he tries to convince that it is himself and not Stella who is guilty.

Pendrick proves that Stella could not have shot Selten, and the detective and Allanby go in search of Dawkins.

CHAPTER XII.

Retribution.

IT was a little after 10 when Samuel Pendrick and George Allanby came in sight of Barger's Hotel.

Mr. Dawkins had kindly furnished George with explicit instructions, and turning to the right as he entered the hotel he came to a narrow hall, where a dim light glimmered, and mounted the greasy stairs to the second floor. There existed a certain sinister silence about the place that affected him, so that he paused on the landing until he heard the sound of a cautious step in the hall below, and knew that the detective was following him.

As he paused before Dawkins's door and was about to rap on the panels, a noise within caused him to pause. It was the sound of a struggle going on within. A scuffling noise, such as two men might produced who were wrestling together.

A touch on the arm caused him to start, for he thought he was alone. It was Pendrick, whom he had not heard approach.

"Well, why don't you go in?" asked the little man in a whisper. "So!" as he inclined his ear to the keyhole and listened. "Mr. Dawkins evidently has a visitor. Well, we must wait until the person goes. He seems to be entertaining him in rather a strenuous way," as the shuffling noise within increased.

He had scarcely delivered himself of this speech when a cry, a cry deep with anguish, was heard from within. The detective rose from his stooping position and clutched his companion by the arm.

"Desperate doings here!" he muttered in an undertone. "We must see what it means. We must break in. Help me." And setting his shoulder against the door, with little aid from Allanby, he wrenched it open and they stumbled into the room.

"Hold him! Hold him!" cried a strident voice, and Allanby was conscious of a dark figure thrusting itself past him, and then Pendrick closed in on it. There was a scuffling sound and the fall of a heavy body on the floor.

All this had happened in such a short time that he could hardly realize what had happened, for the room was dark except for the faint moonlight that shone in through a narrow window. Suddenly a faint light appeared, and he saw the detective standing by a table, a tin lamp which he had just lit at his elbow.

"Never mind about him for the present," said Pendrick, as Allanby cast a fearful look at a figure lying on the floor. "I don't believe I have hurt him much, but I had to quiet him."

"Has he gone? Has he gone?" called out a voice.

"Say, did you let him go?" and out of a far corner a man made his stumbling way.

Pendrick stepped forward to meet him, took him in his arms, and, seeing the man was far spent, helped him over to a ragged sofa by the window and forced him to lie down.

"Did he get away? Did he get away?" muttered Dawkins, for in that brief moment of his appearance Allanby had recognized the young rogue.

"No, he is still here," said Pendrick soothingly, and he pointed to the figure that lay on the floor with extended arms.

Dawkins lay back on the ragged sofa and breathed a long sigh of content.

"Well, don't lose sight of him, gents. For though I don't know ye, I guess ye'r friends, and I'm thinkin' he's about done for me," clenching his hands together as if to suppress a cry of pain.

The detective, seeing that the man was in agony, took a flask out of his pocket and allowed some of the contents to trickle down the other's throat.

"Are you sure he's safe? Are ye sure he won't get away?" asked Dawkins, as he cast another look at the man on the floor. The draught he had taken seemed to have recuperated him amazingly.

"He will stay here as long as I wish him to," said the detective, grimly.

"I'm glad o' that," murmured the other. "For the devil tried to kill me, and I don't know but what he's succeeded," holding his hand hard against his breast. He looked up after a spasm of pain, and his eyes met those of Allanby.

"What, you here? O, yes; now I remember. I sent you a note. Say, you wouldn't be sorry if I was took off sudden, would you?"

Allanby drew nearer to the couch, and the detective sat down close by, his eyes fixed on the man on the floor.

Allanby saw that the young man was wounded, perhaps dangerously, and did not feel it in his heart to utter a harsh word.

"Well, I guess I'm done for. Your business with me is squared all right," continued Dawkins, "mebbe now I kin do ye a good turn."

He rolled over on his side and pointed to the man on the floor.

"There is the feller that killed Selten, an I guess I got enough streng'th left in me ter prove it."

Pendrick, who had been listening, stooped down and turned the man at his feet over so that the face was exposed to the light.

"Why, it's Cleveden," he muttered.

"Jesso. Ah, ye didn't think of him, did ye, Mr. Pendrick. I seen ye before, but me peepers is kind o' dim and I disremembered ye at first. Yes, it was him that done it. This gent," pointing to Allanby, "didn't have nuthin' to do with it. You search Cleveden's rooms. I guess you'll git evidence enough. As fer me, I'm goin' ter live. Goin' ter live long enough to hang him, anyway," shaking his fist at the prostrate figure.

Cleveden was showing signs of reviving. Pendrick was ready, and in an astonishingly short time had bound the man hand and foot with a cord he had taken from his pocket.

The former man of fashion, who now wore a rough overcoat and was humbly clad, lay there silent, glaring at the wounded man on the couch.

"That's the way I like to see him," continued Dawkins. "I only hope he'll never get loose. He done it, and I guess if he had the screws put on he wouldn't say no."

He paused, and his hand went to his chest again. When he removed it it was red.

"I guess I on'y got what was comin' ter me," murmured Dawkins, sleepily. "I calkerlated to run a double team an' frighten you (to Allanby) out of payin' me for keepin' me mouth shut, and him," pointing to Cleveden. "He got tired of it, and here to-night— Well," speaking with difficulty, "he thought he'd put an end to things, an'—an' I guess he's come mighty near doin' it."

With his last speech Dawkins, whom Allanby at least could not help pitying, for he seemed to be suffering greatly, rolled back on the couch and closed his eyes.

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But he did not die, and was able to give startling evidence against Cleveden when the case was brought up in court.

An investigation of the latter's rooms brought to light the fact that he had owed Selten large sums of money, and had given notes, which he had returned to the dead man's rooms to purloin the night that Allanby watched him. He was an old lover of Mrs. Renshaw, which accounted for his visit to the Densmores' house.

Pendrick had accumulated such a mass of evidence against him that despite the efforts of his clever lawyers Cleveden was convicted.

Dawkins, out of consideration of the evidence he had given, was allowed to go free, and, broken down as he was through his experience, it is doubtful if he will be able soon to return to his former profession, which is a distinct gain to society.

Perhaps the most welcome visitor to the Densmores' house on the morning after the scene in Barger's Hotel was George Allanby.

And the news he brought was well calculated to perform a miracle in the health of a young lady who is not indifferent to him.

A melancholy experience it was for the young people, but who shall say that being brought face to face with one of the tragedies of life has not been beneficial to them both?

(THE END.)

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Infant's Bishop Dress—Pattern No. 5095.

Bishop styles make notable features of the season and have extended into the realm of even the tiniest of babies. Illustrated is a most attractive little dress, which is made of Persian lawn and is finished only with frills of the material, but which appropriately can be made from any material in use for infants' dresses. The simplicity of the model makes its essential charm and also renders it exceedingly valuable to busy mothers. While it involves the very least possible labor, it is altogether charming and attractive in effect.

The quantity of material required is 2 1-4 yards 36 inches wide.

Pattern 5095 is cut in one size only.

How to Obtain These Patterns.

Call or Send by Mail to the

Evening World May Manton Fashion Bureau, 21 West 23d St., New York.

Send 10 Cents in Coin or Stamps for Each Pattern Ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.